

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Buck's Camp

Buck's Camp

1. It's amusing to me, those waiters to see
As they pass many times to and fro,
With a dish in each hand, about all they can man
At Buck's Camp down at Monroe.
2. O the locie does fine as she makes the incline,
Makes it both puff snort and blow.
It would unman your nerves as she slides 'round the curves
At Buck's camp down at Monroe.
3. McCormick is our foreman,
He's lazy as he's big.
He rolled a log the other day
And killed our only pig.

Collected from Ed Dalby by Phil Thomas, 1959 and in his Songs of the Pacific Northwest. Learnt c. 1900.

JB

oct96

JB